

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

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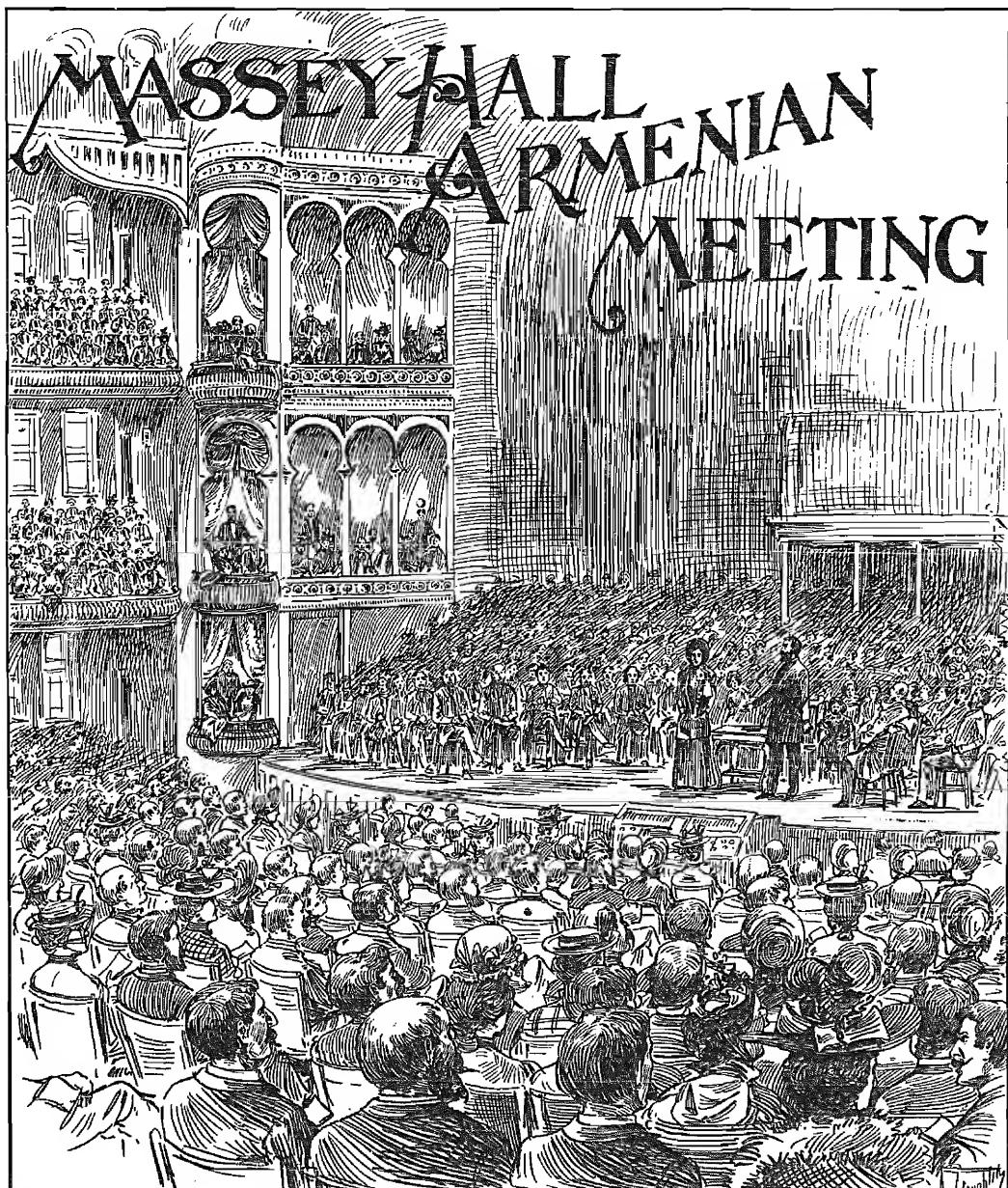
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NEARLY FIVE THOUSAND CITIZENS OF TORONTO ATTEND THE MEETING.

His Worship the Mayor: "I will now call upon Miss Booth to address the meeting."



*I have seen the guilty prosper, and the wicked win renown,  
I have seen the rich oppressor crush the poor man deeply down,  
I have seen the widow tremble at a heartless landlord's frown,  
But our God is marching on.*

*I have seen the healthy fading for the lack of food and care,  
And the city toiler sicken for want of rest and air,  
I have seen the gorgeous follies of the pampered millionaire,  
But our God is marching on.*

## Sham Compassion AND THE DYING LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY THE LATE MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.—(Concluded.)

What could it be Christ who talked about a man's fire and water, or need for a drop of water, and denied even this small boon? Could it be Christ who talked about torment, and showed this vision of despair; the tender, loving, merciful Christ? Ah, he showed it, because He saw it; because this was the real danger, from which He had come deliver! But Christ had come to sick men, sick and covered with unreduced wounds, and with scarce an aliveling circumstance to assuage his sufferings, might have the eternal compensation which should make his earthly troubles seem like a dream, if only he "had" love to offer. Christ did this, because it was the only thing which no one else saw. The human needs of men were apparent enough to many benevolent people in His day, including the rich giver who was going to hell, but the crying souls needs, which had brought him to hell, the distresses to which even the rich and haughty were drifting—the undying worm, the quenchless fire, were the visions of sorrow which He only saw, and which His tenderest compassion betrayed itself in seeking to relieve. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his soul?" Or again, "Is it not better to give in exchange for his own soul?" may be taken as indicating the foundation principle of His entire scheme of redemption.

### SECOND: CHRIST'S COMPASSION IS DISTINGUISHED FROM ALL OTHER COMPASSIONS BY ITS PLAIN, CUTTING, PERSONAL DEALING.

"He would talk with sinners," talk familiarly and familiarly with the world, the earth, and buy His hands up to the most loathsome, but He was incapable of dealing lightly with their sin.

Imagine Christ giving an entertainment, and spending the evening in frivolous talk, in order that He might humor sinners, and attract them to His side. Imagine Him allowing His little band of disciples to sing current songs and read "unupmung selections" for a couple of hours at a time to keep people out of worse company! No, He was too tenderly compassionate for souls, who He knew might end their time on earth at any moment, to do such a thing. He never lost an opportunity of talking straight to them about their sins, the interests of their souls, and the claims of His Father's law. The young rulor comes to Him, and he is so lovable, so moral, so good, might he not have been allowed to go on with his sins, and to have gained light gradually? "Yet lookest thou me thus," was pronounced all the more clearly because "He loved him." "Sell that thou hast, and follow Me" rang out all the more distinctly because He could offer treasures for the soul.

The compassion of Jesus was not of that maudlin kind which leaves men their "little indulgences," and christs from

being "too hard" on them, where hardness is the indispensable condition of salvation. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off; if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." He mercilessly prescribes; better, He decides, be maligned and suffering here, than be cast into "eternal fire."

As to the religious ideas of His day. He walked straight across them with a

*I have heard the sound of weeping where the children cry for bread,  
And seen the parents creeping cold and supperless to bed;  
But a time is coming, brothers, when the poorest shall be fed,  
For our God is marching on.*

*Oh, luxury is pleasant for the few who feel its spell,  
But sloth and wanton wastefulness are paths that lead to hell,  
And the reign of right is coming which shall these ills dispel,  
For our God is marching on.*

cutting "Woe unto you!" Woe! Woe! was the one end with which He met the teachers and professors of His time, pronouncing sentences harsh and uncompromising. "Making clean the outside platter, while within are dead men's bones," was His short description of them and their doings. He upset the nice little fashions which had sprung up around the temple worship with a wild exhortation, "Robbers and thieves shall enter the Kingdom before ye." He told the grand professors who listened to Him, He inflicted the painful wounds of a friend, in order that He might awaken them to their danger and lend them to seek the only remedy.

### THIRD: CHRIST'S COMPASSION WAS IN DIRECT CONTRAST WITH ALL MERE HUMAN BENEVOLENCE IN ITS "OTHERWORLDLINESS."

No one will dispute that He possessed the power to elevate the masses in a temporal sense, by bestowing on them all those benefits of which modern philanthropy aims. He could have fed them by a simple giving of a morsel, or a drink, on two occasions when He multiplied the bread; and who could have lectured on science, or history, or invention, so perfectly, as He to whom all knowledge must be as an open book? He could have brought into His services those terrible hosts of angels, which are so couthly kindred, from which He could have dispensed wealth and prosperity to all around; but He indicated His scheme for elevating and saving the people when He said: "I am the Way"—another sphere, another realm, not of this world. When He was asked for the seats of honor in His Kingdom, He made it clear that He was leading to another and higher world through a "baptism" and with a "cup" of suffering and poverty in this.

### FOURTH: CHRIST'S COMPASSION STANDS OUT IN ITS SPIRITUAL FELLOWSHIP.

The King of kings made ornate friends the fishermen. "He did not visit the poor." "He did not clothe their sad lot," and walk on in His own high path, having His fellowship, His joys, His sorrows, apart from them, but He shared His afflictions in their company. He did not live in the style and companionship of the worldly Pharisee, and occasionally visit Peter, James and John,

and hold meetings for the working classes; no, He lived with them and gave education, elevation, salvation, and all to them by His brother fellowship. "Ye also have heard of Me and He, and 'all things that I have heard of my father, I have no reserves from these men.' John's head could lean on His breast, and Mary could sit at His feet, with that kind of confidence that they were indeed as brethren. That they could not always understand Him was their fault, not His; but their slowness and dullness never wearied His compassion, nor caused Him to seek friends elsewhere. He called His three fishermen to Him when He was about to pass over Jordan, and said, "Follow Me." They followed. He wanted Peter, James and John, when He was raising the dead, and took them to share His joy on the instant of transfiguration. He strayed for their presence in His last agony, and desired no better provision for His mother, when He hung upon the cross, than the home that one of them could afford.

### FIFTH: THE COMPASSION OF JESUS IS YET FURTHER DISTINGUISHED BY ITS DIVINE FAITH, AND HOPE, AND ACTION.

He had faith in the possibilities of these people, which possibilities would not have been very apparent to any other eye. He believed in the spiritual nature of the Spirit, and He could send them. His hope was not chilled by stupidity, or foolishness, or non-comprehension on the part of disciples or outsiders. Mighty compassion must that have been that could live thirty years on such terms with such men, and never falter or turn back. Many a fine scheme of modern benevolence dies, and goes out when the people who are to be benefited get to be known. "Such wretches," "so ungrateful," "so presuming," "so hopeless." But Christ hoped all things, believed all things until the Peter who was often a scoundrel girl stood triumphant before the three thousand converts. Christ kept His little band together, although He knew there was a traitor amongst them,—the traitor

He called the devils out of those whom they tormented, and then let loose the whole strange flock of ex-harlots, prostitutes, and lepers, to tell His praises and to gather others to His presence. Christ went up to Calvary undismayed by His perfect knowledge of sinful, perverse, opposing men, to die for them, whole ungrateful rabble, despised and helpless as He was at His bluest hour, for the dying blackguard at His side, and saved him as He hung there. Talk about "eternal hope!" is not this the eternal hope which saves to the uttermost now and here?

### SIXTH: THE COMPASSION OF JESUS IS FURTHER DISTINGUISHED BY HIS EVER GOING STRAIGHT TO THE ONE END.

The whole work of Christ was aimed at the salvation of men's souls. And this is not the less true because He also benefitted their bodies by healing their diseases and sympathizing with their sorrows.

This latter side of His work is much dwelt upon in these days, and yet it was a merely incidental part. If He had come to remove earthly afflictions, poverty, disease, He would, as I have pointed out, certainly have gone about it in a different way. He would have aimed at riches and position and ease, in order that He might have shared them with His own chosen ones. He would have sought to build up an earthly kingdom where men could find a hundred thousand sick, poor, disabled, and would have been a far easier task than the founding of that new invisible kingdom which we have already tried to describe, where only the spiritual and eternal should be of much importance. In comparison, how much easier to have drawn crowds if He had always given them their daily bread, and told followers to "sink into the abyss" into the mysterious doctrine, "I am the Bread of Life." "Ye must be born again!"

But He did feed the multitudes, and He did heal the sick! Yes, but He gave up the former when He found that they followed Him for that only, and His acts of healing were instances of His power over His creation, rather than the "work" given to Him to do. "I came to call sinners to repentance." "I am come to set the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be those of his own household." "I came to bring fire on earth." "I came not to send peace, but a sword." These sayings, and multitudes of others, were descriptive of a soldier's mission, and yet He was most tender, as we readily trace, to every suffering, needy creature who came in contact with Him. His pity was boundless for the lame, the blind, and the deaf, and His loving heart must have grieved over much in the sort of human misery brought before His eyes of which we never hear. The truest love must ever seek the highest good of its object, sometimes even with forgetfulness of important lesser advantages. He gave the great rule by which His compassion for man's necessities was guided, when He said, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all other things shall be added unto you."

### SEVENTH: THE COMPASSION OF JESUS STANDS OUT IN CONTRAST

to the time is surely coming for all things chaste and choice,

When the fields shall bloom like gardens and the toiler's heart rejoice,  
And women, men and children shall sing with heart and voice,

"Our God is marching on."

*Oh! rich man, in your palace; Oh! poor man, in your cot!  
Give freely of your treasures—repine not at your lot—  
Remember He who ruleth all is One who changeth not,*

*And He is marching on.*

—W. J. NICKOL.





## A TALK

WITH

# MR. GLADSTONE

## AT HIS OWN FIRESIDE.

BY GENERAL BOOTH.

Hawarden, December 21st, 1886.

Three o'clock on Monday afternoon, December 21st, had been fixed by Mr. Gladstone for my interview with him at Hawarden Castle, and passing over from Relyme Park, where I had been holding meetings the previous day, I reached the beautiful park in which Mr. Gladstone's house is situated a few minutes before that time.

As we drove rapidly towards the house I confess to a feeling of deep interest in such of the stumps as I could discover among the thin old trees. They seemed to me just now to be typical of many things, and to be still alive with many lessons of interest.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone met me at the entrance of the Castle—kindness itself, as he always is—and conducted me to the drawing-room. In a few moments Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Drew entered, and our conversation, so quiet and unhurried, was soon continued. They made me feel at home. In a moment I was cold through, and Mrs. Gladstone saw it. Putting one of those delightful old-fashioned easy chairs—the miniature of which is a lost art so far as this country is concerned—before the great open fire, she insisted upon my getting a thorough warm, and we soon soon talking on many things with the greatest freedom.

In a few moments the door of the adjoining room opened, and in walked Mr. Gladstone, stretching out his hand, greeting me in the warmest manner possible, and putting an end to the little colloquy with which he had been summoning me forthwith to the library.

I had not before had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Gladstone. Although often desirous to hear him speak, I have always been too much occupied with the absorbing duties of my own sphere to feel that I could afford the time. For one of those days, however, at the House of Commons and elsewhere, when friends and foes alike were so often charmed by his wonderful eloquence. Of him as a man of ability, energy, intelligence, learning and high principle, altogether without reference to his political views, I had for years entertained a high esteem. I knew that no man in Great Britain or perhaps in any other nation, had occupied, for the last twenty years, so large a space in the world's

vision; and now here in his own house is the opportunity for the conversation I had so often desired.

The first words greeting, followed by the mingled invitation and command to join him in his study, not only ended my chat with the ladies, but dispelled any little trepidation I might have felt concerning our interview; and, as to the opposition raised by Mrs. Gladstone, in view of the warning operations only just commenced, Mr. Gladstone quickly settled that question by saying that I should find his room the warmer of the two!

## MR. GLADSTONE'S PORTRAITS.

The art of impressing on paper, by any sort of machinery, true resemblance of the human face divine has as yet to be discovered. Anyway, it seems to me that photographic journals of a leading affair—often very often—whose products are so much like, and quite as often so very much unlike. Sitting before Mr. Gladstone that afternoon, with every side and angle and corner of that room crowded with the books he loved so well, every lineament of his countenance perfectly simple in the reproduction on the photographic plates, common to us all—for perhaps no living man has been so frequently photographed—and yet I very much question whether I should have recognized him had I been placed opposite him as a stranger to a railway compartment. Indeed, I fear I should not. The features in the public prints are, as a rule, larger and to my fancy seem to have a harsh and masterful look about them—a look which certainly failed to show itself to me for a single moment in the original that afternoon.

On the contrary, while intelligent, expressive, quick, commanding, and in a high degree, his face appeared really sympathetic and kindly—so much so at my rate as to make me feel in a few moments as much at home in the library as I had been a few minutes before in the drawing-room.

"I have not been very well for the last week or two," he said, as we walked across the room, "and hence things here are in rather a confused state," which confusion I must confess I saw nothing

of. Then, drawing up opposite the fire an easy chair, similar to the one I had just vacated, he said: "Now can you think young?" and then passed over as I passed, in the direction of the coal-box. I protested that there was abundance of fire for me.

"Yes, yes," he said, throwing a great chunk of wood over the bars of the fine old grate, "but we must do something to keep it going." The next moment he had settled down in a similarly low seat in front of me, and started the conversation by saying:

## THE MILITARISM OF THE ARMY.

"I suppose, in addressing you as General, I use the title to which you are accustomed, and which harmonizes with your own feelings?"

I replied, "Yes," that was the appellation ordinarily given to me, that I thought it correctly signified my position, and that I accepted it for that reason. He then said, "I have sought it and sought it at the beginning always proposed to it for its use; but that having come to be the head of what was known as an Army, there seemed no alternative but to accept the title which denoted my position."

This led to some observations on both sides as to the use of titles. Mr. Gladstone fully recognizing their value, I remarked that our military nomenclature had been of great service to us, insomuch as the significance of our titles was understood by the common people without explanation. No matter how poor, ignorant or unlettered a man might be, he knew the meaning of "captain" when he joined a corps, and thus it implied authority and influence.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Gladstone, "everybody knows the meaning of captain."

Mr. Gladstone then preferred what seemed to me one of a series of questions which determined the first principles of our organization. "By what methods," he asked, "were we able to maintain the central authority, extending, as it did, to so many distant parts of the world, while allowing that free and energetic local action so necessary to vigorous growth?"

I explained briefly—at least as briefly as I could, for he stopped me at every point all through the conversation where I did not appear intelligible—but each of the various countries in which we were at work constituted a separate territory, under the direct command of an Officer, whom we styled a Commissioner.

Mr. Commander: that these territories were again subdivided into provinces and again into districts and again into corps, each also under the command of an Officer.

"But now," he asked, "is the central authority maintained?"

I replied that, for one thing, the commissioners in command of each territory were selected and appointed by me for five years, a term which could be extended or diminished, as circumstances might render desirable in the interests of the whole.

## EACH COUNTRY EVANGELIZES ITSELF

Each country will no doubt in time be very nearly if not altogether equal to the task of raising its own leaders, it being a first principle with us that each people must work out the regeneration of its own country—that Frenchmen must evangelize France, that Indians must mission India, and the like.



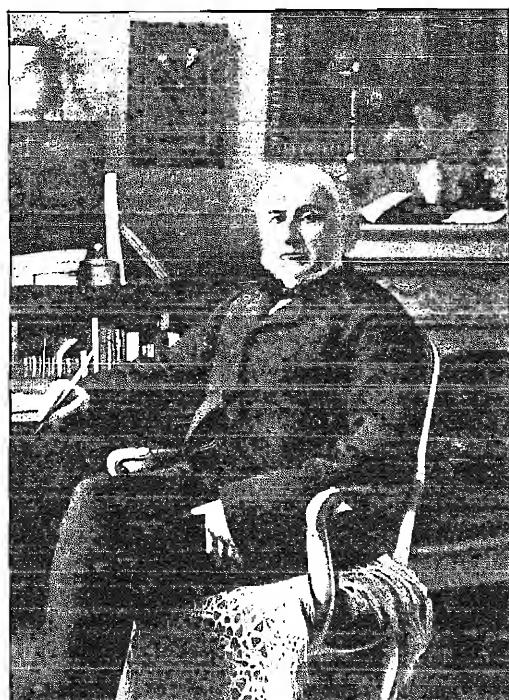
MR. GLADSTONE.

As he is sketched by the celebrated British Artist, Harry Furniss.

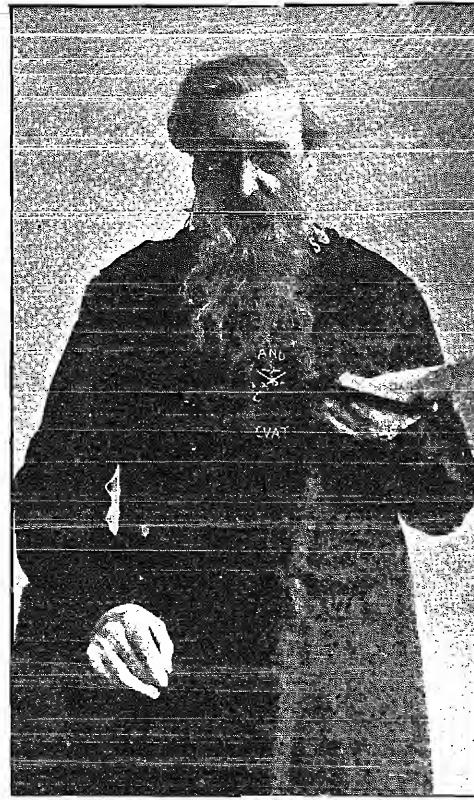
Mr. Gladstone thought that was a very remarkable evidence of the strength as well as of the vitality of the movement.

## OUR INCOME

This led to the inquiry as to the number of Officers in the Army altogether. On my stating that we had over 12,000



MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY.



THE GENERAL.

As he sometimes appears on the platform at the present time.

# THE WAR CRY.

men and women, separated from the ordinary avocations of life and undivided for leadership, besides an extensive force of unpaid officials, he was not a little moved and impressed, and his practical knowledge led him to the inference to which he gave expression by remarking that a large amount of money must be required to keep so extensive an agency in a state of efficiency.

## MR. GLADSTONE AS A TALKER.

Other things passed in brief review. Mr. Gladstone is no rapid as he is a forcible and interesting talker. He seriously paused for a moment in his friendly cross-examination, every question bearing upon the subject intelligently either on some of our principles of action, some leading method, or some important result of the results that follow. There was not a vestige of that concealed method of interrogation which is intended to assert the superiority of the interrogator to make his companion willing to receive the information which he has to convey. Nor was there a hint of that impatience which is so common in the manner of some men when dealing with what they are pleased to call "emotional religion." Nothing could have been more impressive or more charming than his quiet gravity and the thoughtful gentleness and frankness of his conversation with which Mr. Gladstone discussed with me the Salvation Army, its system, its peculiarities, its principles, its future, that afternoon.

## THE ARMY ON THE CONTINENT.

I forgot what led up to it, but about this time he inquired as to the attitude of the Continental Governments towards our work, particularly naming Sweden. I said that of the whole they were friendly, remonstrating with the administration that on my last visit to Stockholm, in the summer of 1858, the Crown Prince of Denmark, who happened to be travelling in the same steamer with me, had taken occasion to assure me of the admiration with which he and his family held the operations of the Army, adding that he followed my travels up and down the world with interest, and at the same time expressing his best wishes for our success.

"But," said Mr. Gladstone, "did you see the Princess?"

"I did," he added, "from the conversations I had with the Prince, I feel sure the Princess would greatly sympathize with your work."

Here, as an evidence of the appreciation of our work by the Danish authorities, I mentioned the fact that I had been allowed to hold, on two successive visits to Copenhagen, audience in the King's Guard, the gates being closed to the public for a second. In power, their audience for money might be taken for the benefit of our work among the poor there."

"Indeed," Mr. Gladstone remarked, "but that was in Denmark; tell me what is the attitude of the authorities towards your labors there?"

I told him that the prefects, etc., now accorded to us all the meeting-places and the growing freedom in the direction of the open-air work manifested in some towns by permission to processions, mentioning that the last time I was in Stockholm my people were permitted to give a public reception, at which it was estimated by the police that some twenty thousand persons were present.

"But was there any persecution?" he asked.

"There is no persecution in Sweden now," I replied. There had been in the early days of our work there, as many as ten of our Officers in prison at the same time, action being taken against us by the police authorities, but the King intervened, ordering the liberation of the captives and vetoing any further prosecutions.

"This," he said, "is very interesting. The Government, then, is friendly now?"

I assented, and in illustration gave him the fact that there was an annual subsidy paid to our Army Work by the City and other Councils, and that one building with bath, etc., just erected by the city authorities, had been handed over by them to our people free of rent, adding that one of the princesses had for a long time provided a slight gratuity to every poor fellow who came to our Shows in the cities enabling the strength to supply a little extra food.

Then we talked of other countries. Mr. Gladstone's sympathies are wide as the seas, and no difference of race or language seems to abate his interest in the problems of all nations. When I referred to Italy he was full of inquiry in "What did I think of the condition of religion in the Waldensian Valleys? How far had we been able to influence the Italian peasant? What common ground was there between us and the populations of the cities of Northern Italy?"

And this led me to the general question of the state and prospects of spiritual religion. Perhaps I ought not to say that I was surprised to find how hazy I was able to elucidate myself with the careful and important distinctions made

by Mr. Gladstone in his words on this subject. It was surprising, I was certainly unexpectedly gratified.

"What Continental country, General, do you think compares most favorably in religious respect?"

I asked a difficult question to answer, and I said so. So far as the Protestant churches are concerned, I thought there was good work in progress in some parts of Holland; otherwise I was afraid that Protestantism, as a rule, was very broad, very cold and inactive, and, so far as practical godliness could be estimated, one country did not appear to me to have much preference over another.

## ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND THE ARMY.

"Is not Romanism making progress in Holland?"

"Yes," I said, "there are, I believe, some advances in that direction."

"Had we experienced any considerable measure of opposition from the Church in what might be termed Catholic countries?"

I replied that while many priests watched our movements and set a careful guard on those of their people who might be influenced by us some of the more philanthropic among the clergy had manifested much interest in my Social Work, and in some cases had expressed their sympathy to me and in other ways. And I could hardly say whether on the Continent or elsewhere that we had suffered more actual opposition from the Catholic than we had done from the Protestant clergy.

"But with reference to the common people, for me, having regard to the extent of your operations amongst them, have you any success amidst the Catholic population?"

"Yes," I explained, "many attend our services, and they are often found at our tent-form."

Mr. Gladstone appeared to understand, and he spoke with seriousness of this method of confessing Christ in our services.

"But what becomes of those Catholics who come to the tent-form?"

I replied that while some become soldiers in our ranks, it was quite a common thing for others, while regularly coming to our services, to continue at the same time their attendance at their own church, and that we, with evident sincerity, that they were striving to live better and nobler lives.

"They come to you penitent-forms and then go to confession?"

I replied, "Yes."

"But how do they regard you?"

"I cannot say that this is not unusual for the more thoughtful and devout amongst them to tell us that we ought to be Catholics. They considered us, I thought, to have much in common with Friends of Assisi and Madame Guyon and the mystic class of religionists.

"Yes," he said, "I see."

And in other cases I had little doubt that our despotic methods had called the true principles of their faith some who had lapsed into open profligacy or practical unbelief.

## EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION.

The conversation then passed on to the importance attached by the Army to the experimental aspect of religion. I remarked that we looked upon all men as being either right or wrong in their relation to God and the eternal world, and that we, like our people, across a wide question involuntarily arose in their hearts, often coming to their lips, "Is this man saved?" And if not, by the mercy of God, why cannot that great work be done at once? What doth hinder? Here is an opportunity. Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." And here I said that we are more at home, and often more successful in this

kind of dealing with the ignorant and the poor, than with those who are better educated and in more comfortable circumstances of life.

Here Mr. Gladstone made some very interesting and thoughtful observations, which sounded like spoken reflections on truth that already had long possession of his mind, concerning the Hitlerite and unpredictable condition of the poor being members of a church that simultaneously maintained a superabundance of wealth.

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I described the struggles of a backslidden on the previous Saturday night, at Kortney, and his backslidings, and hence his indulgence, but gained over him from seeking the reconciliation with God that he desired; how he at last yielded, went out to the penitent-form, and then, without being asked to do so, threw down his tobacco box and pipes, and then accepted Jesus Christ for the healing of his sins.

Unfortunately, my A. D. C., whom I had left behind in the drawing-room, had informed Mrs. Drew that I had not properly lunched, leading at once to a kindly arrangement in this direction, and to my being summoned from "the ferny recesses of the house of soul" to have a hearty meal and a drink.

He had a hearty and healthful meal, and was ready to waive off some

remarking that my meat and drink was just then in that particular function.

Still, this interruption and the consciousness of the approaching departure of the train by which I had arranged to leave, all tended to a feeling of hurry which I could not dispense with in this conversation, so far as I was concerned, and all tending up to those regrets with which we are all so familiar, after such opportunities are closed. "Why did I not ask that particular question? or why did I not in a different manner make that request?"

[The conclusion of this very interesting interview will appear next week.]



**THE GENERAL.** — From a portrait taken in 1862.

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And here I said that we are more at home, and often more successful in this

kind of dealing with the ignorant and the poor, than with those who are better educated and in more comfortable circumstances of life.

I described the struggles of a backslidden on the previous Saturday night, at Kortney, and his backslidings, and hence his indulgence, but gained over him from seeking the reconciliation with God that he desired; how he at last yielded, went out to the penitent-form, and then, without being asked to do so, threw down his tobacco box and pipes, and then accepted Jesus Christ for the healing of his sins.

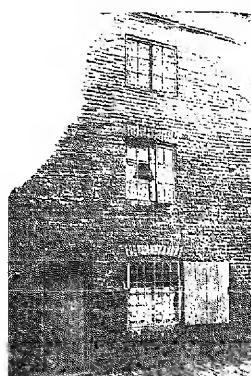
Unfortunately, my A. D. C., whom I had left behind in the drawing-room, had informed Mrs. Drew that I had not properly lunched, leading at once to a kindly arrangement in this direction, and to my being summoned from "the ferny recesses of the house of soul" to have a hearty meal and a drink.

He had a hearty and healthful meal, and was ready to waive off some

remarking that my meat and drink was just then in that particular function.

Still, this interruption and the consciousness of the approaching departure of the train by which I had arranged to leave, all tended to a feeling of hurry which I could not dispense with in this conversation, so far as I was concerned, and all tending up to those regrets with which we are all so familiar, after such opportunities are closed. "Why did I not ask that particular question? or why did I not in a different manner make that request?"

[The conclusion of this very interesting interview will appear next week.]



The house in Nottingham, on a chair at the door of which, the General at the age of fourteen, gave his first salvation address in the open-air.

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS—

ENSIGN STANYON, of the Kingston District, to be Adjutant.  
 CAPTAIN MCKENZIE, of Galt, to be Ensign.  
 CAPTAIN THOMAS, of Brandon, to be Ensign.  
 CAPTAIN FLETCHER, of "the Light-houses," to be Ensign.  
 LIEUTENANT NYLAND, of Perth, to be Captain at Peterhead Corps.  
 LIEUTENANT MITCHELL, of Kemptville, to be Captain at Amherst Corps.  
 LIEUTENANT FRENCH, of Ottawa, to be Captain.  
 LIEUTENANT RAXTER, of James-town, to be Captain.  
 CADET GATZKE, of Ingersoll, to be Lieutenant.

## APPOINTMENTS—

ADJUTANT HUGHES, Barrie District.  
 ADJUTANT MITCHELL, Cobourg District.  
 ADJUTANT AXRIS, Nelson Corps.  
 ADJUTANT EDECOMBE, Great Falls Corps.  
 ADJUTANT McDONALD, Special Work.  
 ENSIGN SCORELL, G. B. M. Agent, Central Ontario Province.  
 ENSIGN WIGGINS, Special Work.  
 ENSIGN TILLEY, Perth Corps.  
 ENSIGN PEERS, Barre, Vt.  
 ENSIGN SMITH, Devil's Lake Corps.  
 EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.

## WAR CRY

## The Mighty Meeting at Massey Hall.

Toronto, in the person of its popular Mayor, its leading divines, and nearly 5,000 of its citizens, joined hands with the Army on the night of January 15th to help shoulder the burden of responsibility resting upon the sympathetic and heroic heart of the Field Commissioner, who voluntarily undertook to provide for the Armenian refugees who came to this country under Salvation Army auspices. The Ministers and Mayor, as well as the people, were nearly in their enthusiasm and liberal in their financial responses, proving that the Army has the love, sympathy and respect of all classes in Toronto in its soul and body-blessing work. Judging by the sympathy evidenced, the Commissioner did the right thing in standing sponsor for the Armenians, which fact is encouraging, considering that another ten are daily expected at Halifax.

## This Refers to Toronto.

On the authority of Colonel Jacobs, our Chief Secretary, as well as many others, the Massey Hall meeting was the biggest indoor demonstration we have had in our history here, and in view of that fact we wish to draw the attention of our Officers and Soldiers to the lessons of the hour, viz., that we have, or can have, the ear of the public, to no great or greater extent than ever before. If this is so, our opportunities to do the work of God in Toronto are largely increased and our responsibilities are proportionately greater.

If we are the Soldiers we say we are we shall not allow an offered advantage to be missed, nor omit adopting any tactic which will help the advance of our "Little Red Line;" especially must this be the case with those Officers who are more directly responsible for the work here. If we do not make the most of this advantage, we are short of the ideal Salvationist spirit. The Field Commissioner will be heading the line of battle in Toronto soon. We have ample evidence that the citizens of Toronto want to hear our Commissioner, and we think that now, above all, is our opportunity to

make a concentrated and supreme stroke for God and His cause in the City that shall tell for all time to come. Shall we? Let the Toronto Officers and Soldiers' reply.

## Self-Denial Thanksgiving War Cry.

Our next issue will be of surpassing interest to every person who has had any hand in the mighty triumph accomplished in the Self-Denial effort of '96. We are not going to divulge secrets here, but if we are not mistaken, quite a number of people will feel like having a shake-hands all round, when they see what has been done, and inviting the creation generally to join in an extra loud doxology of praise to our God, Who gives us the victory again and again. The front page will represent the modern warship Self-Denial steaming into port. There will also be other interesting matter on the pictorial line as well as a special contribution from the Field Commissioner, another from the Chief Secretary, and a synopsis of the work in each Province from each Provincial Officer. We regret very much we haven't fifty pages in the Cry to do something like justice to the noble and God-like efforts that have been put forth by all concerned, from the rank and file upward.

With the purpose of the meeting, was the unusually large amount of space devoted to their reports of the meeting by the three great morning papers of Toronto. The "Globe's" report made over two columns, the "Mail and Empire" over a column, and the "World" gave about three-quarters of a column.

"Of course," said an editor in a jocular mood, recently, "we cannot make a War Cry of the paper!" and we would reply we do not plead guilty to desiring this at present; nevertheless, we do appreciate the courtesy, both of the papers named in this connection, and of the many others which willingly and frequently open their columns to furthering Army interests and purposes.

## Our Contemporaries.

The special Christmas issues of the official gazettes of the Army in the various territories, which have reached us, are all marvels of cheap, good and instructive papers for the people. As usual, the reading matter in the English issues is excellent, but they are somewhat handicapped by the mechanical side of the work. The New York and Pacific Coast Cries were real American fare of colour and bright. If one could give extra praise where so much is excellent, we think it would be awarded to that plucky Pacific Coaster, with its splendid lithographed cover.

Soldier Sergeant or helper should immediately procure a copy of the Company Manual, if they have not already done so. The Company Manual contains summary of both Junior Soldier and Band of Love regulations, in addition to the lessons.

The new Commanding Officers and District Officers report forms are now ready. Every Corps and District will use the new form.

These forms will be considerably cheaper than the old ones, although they will have more spaces for reporting, containing as they do on the one form both Junior Soldier and Senior figures for the information of the Provincial Officer.

Ensign Patterson, of the Victoria Shelter, has been having rather a busy time of late, no less than four of his helpers taken sick, and the work has made things pretty heavy. God bless and speedily restore the sick ones!

The Commissioner has decided that the Junior Soldier Annual shall take place the third week in April. Full particulars later on.

The Staff Band gave "Old Richmond Street March" and "The Queen's Birthday" Major Gaskin led, and we had a real good time. The band played excellently. The solos went well. The Strangled Trio, charmed! The testimonies blessed, the whole affair was all O. K., and no mistake. Ensign Cameron, the Commanding Officer, is bravely fighting on and saving Victoria. The "Go" brought in some dollars for a big bill, and the people gave a collection for the Bond fund.

The Toronto Shelter is on the more. Captain Fletcher, the Officer in charge, will in future be known as Ensign! The institution is doing well under his industrious management.

## A Smash at Fredericton.

Welcome to Major Pugmire—Twenty-Six Souls—Thirty-Two Dollars—Great Excitement.

(By telegraph).

Eastern Province signal welcome meetings to Major Pugmire at Fredericton. Great excitement, crowded barracks. Twenty-six at Cross: thirty-two dollars. Ensign and Mrs. Edwards leading troops on to victory.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GAGE.

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

First Officers' Councils by Major and Mrs. Pugmire, R.O.A.

Staff Council attended by between twenty and thirty Staff; most remarkable time; wonderful spirit of unity. All points brought before Staff were received with open arms. The new Provincial Officers, Major and Mrs. Pugmire, received enthusiastically. Public meetings stirring times. Thirteen for Salvation. Staff returning to their posts of duty inspired and helped. Look out for victory. Reports to follow.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GAGE.

## Mrs. Major Read's Send-off

At Linger St., Corps—Powerful Times and Two Souls.

Mrs. Major Read farewell before going on her Western tour. She conducted a great, powerful meeting Sunday night. You could see conviction stamped on the people's faces. Not only two came out and got washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Brother McFarland sang "God be with you till we meet again" with powerful effect. The Band also rendered a beautiful selection. Corps doing well. Amen!—Brother McFarland.

NEXT PORT, VT.

The war is still going on in Newport, but not without some desperate conflicts with the enemy of our souls. On Thursday the 11th we had a welcome meeting for our new Officers, when we had a glorious time, and deep conviction rested on the hearts of the people. We are looking forward with faith when we will see a big smash in the ranks of the enemy. The Sunday meetings were of power and blessing to those present. Shining room was at a premium.—John Miller.



Pleads

Toronto's

The Leading

T THAT great bronzed figure Carload roads led to the Mississauga, the is the last of the continent, no one who had any thing to do with him remained.

The 15th will long the date of one of the greatest meetings in the history of the nation. No one who had any thing to do with him remained.

Taken Possession To nearly 5,000 such veterans by that 5,000 have given and more wish that amongst the numbers. There was no need the Mossey Hall that, eager, hurrying down most streets turned doors. What our people ask is that questioner must have their mark, for by hundreds waiting in the next hour.



A Black Vise

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Pugmire. Twenty-  
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CAPTAIN GAGE.

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CAPTAIN GAGE.

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—Powerful Times  
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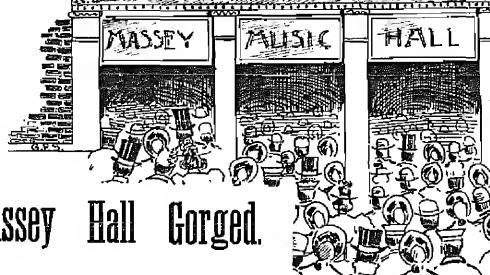
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John Miller.

# ARMENIAN DEMONSTRATION

## MISS BOOTH

Pleads the Cause of the Wronged  
and Oppressed.

Toronto's Mightiest Meeting. :: The Massey Hall Gorged.



## THE MAYOR IN THE CHAIR.

The Leading Ministers and Many Notable Citizens Present—Unparalleled Interest and Sympathy Aroused—The Talk of the City—Nearly 5,000 People and \$500.

**T**HAT great Massey Hall was thronged from floor to ceiling. Car-load after car-load disgorged its living freight at the entrance, and seemed as if all roads led to the Massey.

"It is the talk of the city," said one of the most caustic the day after. And no one who had any opportunity of testing the chief topic of conversation would condemn his remark as gross exaggeration.

The 15th will long be remembered as the date of one of the most remarkable gatherings ever witnessed in the Queen City. The invitation given by the Salvation Army to see and hear those who had actually witnessed and escaped Armenian terrors was an interest which seemed largely to have

### Taken Possession of Toronto.

To nearly 5,000 such a chance proved irresistible, and the reports taken away by that 5,000 have probably made a thousand more wish that they had been amongst the number.

There was no need to ask the way to the Massey Hall that night. Crowds of eager spectators, who had been in doors, met at the wide entrance doors. "What time do the doors open?" was asked. Many beside the lady questioner must have made opening time their mark, for by 7 o'clock there were hundreds waiting in the streets. During the next hour there was a steady stream

of people passing through the various entrances, and by the hour at which the meeting was to commence, the magnificent building was

### Thronged from Floor to Ceiling.

The Massey Hall is considered the finest in Canada, but proved none too large for the vast crowd.

If buildings are never seen to better advantage than when crammed to the roof, then the Massey must never have looked more beautiful than on that Friday night, when thousands filled its every part, from basement gallery and packed the aisles and galleries ways.

The people who composed the crowd were widely representative, and confined to no one class or creed. The occasion of the evening which had brought them together held them equally distractible.

But if the audience was distractible, what can be said of the platform. Its short heights were filled with workers and Soldiers, and the Headquarters' Staff Band, which latter provided music during the long minutes in which the eager comers contentedly waited. But the front rows presented a unique appearance.

**All the Leading Ministers of the City,** with many of the most notable citizens, were there—their arrival of the reverend and gentleman being thrown into strong relief by the red of the Salvation regalia behind. The presence of these ministers involved most likely the settling aside of other engagements, and made it, therefore, the most valuable. Indeed, we fancy that they were not the only ones who had foreseen the day for the gathering. We heard of one society which went as far as to postpone a meeting of its own altogether in order that its members should be present.

When the twenty-four Armenians took their places in the seats which had been reserved for them, a spontaneous burst of applause greeted them. All through the audience manifested a warm feeling

of friendliness towards the refugees and an appreciation of the Army's activity which had brought them into their midst, which was somewhat volved by the ministerial presence of all the good work which the Salvation Army had been identified with, he thought, till the last.

There was great interest and some excitement manifested when the Field Commissioner entered with the Mayor, who presided, and the little Armenian child.

### Necks were Craned,

and some whispered questions included in as to whether that tall lady was really Miss Booth. The welcome which the Commissioner received told something of the warmth so many in that vast crowd feel towards our leaders in the city in behalf of her territory she is naturally leaving the city.

Numbers in that vast crowd were evidently strangers to our meetings, and listened curiously, albeit impressed as the rousing opening war-song, and then the fervent prayer were sung and prayed in true Army style.

Miss Fleming, who was loudly applauded, said that a few months back in civilization was witness to the butchery and maled with sympathy because of the terrible outrages that were being perpetrated upon the Armenians. Because of the sympathy of the Salvation Army and the interest which it had taken in the Armenians this great meeting had assembled to listen to the statements of those who had escaped a horrible death.

Then followed those statements—plain and unvarnished testimonies of persecutions and unvarnished testimonies the horror of which those who spoke had been agonized witness. For the next three-quarters of an hour the great crowd were transported to the scenes of those frightful butcheries and inhuman torture. As they heard of the dark deeds which had been committed, they burned with indignation; as they listened to stories of hideous cruelty.

### They Shuddered with Horror and Sympathy.

"I do believe I will hallow," Strong bass voices, with Latin, raised a recent that made the old English chorals fall with new fervor upon the hearts of the crowd. Perhaps some road behind the singing of the little Armenian choir the price which thousands of their countrymen had been called upon to pay for it. It had refused to let go the Christ of Calvary for love and earthly safety and prosperity. Tremendous applause not only commanded the singing, but demanded a repetition.

One of the most touching of the experiences was given by a woman. Her graceful figure stooped as with the weight of former sorrows, and her downcast face was full of deepest sadness. Her words were few, but

### The Heart-Breaking Story

which, they told of the personal and aw-

ful share which she had had in the bereavements of that awful time cut deep.

Then the interpreter, who has translated the testimonies of his comrades with fluency and intelligence, told the story of another who was not present. In this incident occurred one of those many occasions when the Armenians were offered life and protection if they would deny their Christian religion, which only entailed under such strong temptation and in face of certain death.

### Outbursts of Heart-Felt Sympathy

greeted such stories as that of the fifty young men and women who marched hand in hand to the river and then threw themselves into it,宁可死于水中，宁可死于土耳其刀剑下。Let God avenge our blood upon the Sultan, who has drunk our blood and is not yet satisfied."

After telling the history of an individual massacre which for the ingenuous and ghastly torture which was practiced upon a widow's only son before her eyes reached a climax in sorrow, the young Armenian added some information regarding the terrible length of time during which persecution had been working its awful work more or less in his country.

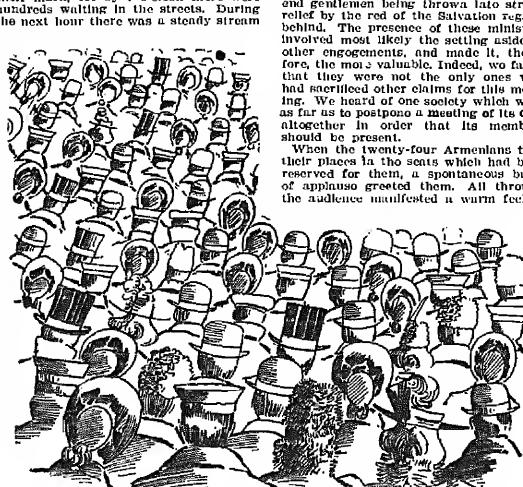
"Let my comrades shed their blood in the cause," he concluded, "and the Lord will avenge us if the Powers will not."

"The crowd was silent, and a speech was made and the interpreter was deaf amidst cheers and a storm of hand-clapping.

However, there was a fresh outburst of applause as the Field Commissioner came to the front and commenced to sing some singularly appropriate verses of his own with all tenderness of expression that brought tears to many eyes.

"I don't feel it necessary," she said, "to add any words of mine to the sorrowful experiences already spoken to appeal directly to your sympathies. All the same, I am glad of this opportunity which the Lord has given me to raise my voice in the cause of this oppressed and wronged people."

"The few months I have been in Canada have afforded me sufficient knowledge of the character of its people, more especially that of the citizens of Toronto, to permit me stating without hesitancy that the people of this country are not only one which has been incensed by the terrible sports of inhuman butchery and cruelty which has reached us from Armenia's land. Being confident, therefore, that there are in this crowd sympathizers akin to my own feelings, I feel at liberty to say that so far as one could tell in man's power to burn the wounds, suffering, and destruction which have been practiced upon these defenseless people. It has been so with me. Never did my tears fall so fast or so hot. Never did I find even the least sleep so difficult to induce. Never did my temples so heavily throb with pain caused by the realization of all the compact suffering the sorrowing attached to slain husbands, widowed



A Back View of the Crowd Approaching the Massey Hall Entrance.

mothers, and the thousands of desolate little orphans, and I cannot help but feel that the Lord has heard and in a measure answered my prayer. All who have come to voice before this vast crowd to-night the woes of this trodden-down people, and practically help this small band upon the platform who represent their nation's woes. The way the Salvation Army has identified itself with these refugees is only customary to its ardent pacificism, and no explanation from me. As a people, our God-given mission very bids us hasten to where the field is the thickest strewed with the wounded. Our hands are ever ready to lift where the burden rests the heaviest. Our feet swift to run where the need is the greatest. Our spirits eager to stand where the armistice is the fiercest, and never a moment of grief that is the deepest; hence it is to be wondered at that amidst these rivers of blood and tears we find our Flag offering a refuge to the hundreds who have escaped the cruel sword of the Turk. Never was it prouder to be a Salvationist. Now, did I more realize the absorbing purpose of the organization to which I belong, than in triumph over the powers of sin, to meet the broken heart, and to lift the peoples of all nations to God. I might point out that it is not by compulsion that I am found in the ranks of the Army's march. In the General there was an outburst of applause, at the conclusion of which the Commissioner concluded. Neither am I a Salvationist merely by reason of my training, and discipline; rather, holier hands ever had from childhood to womanhood than did those God-honored parents who led me. My saintly mother who now stands before His Throne, and my father the General, whose name is reverently throughout the world, set the example to the Army's mothers and the General's there were many voices of applause, at the conclusion of which the Commissioner concluded. Neither am I a Salvationist merely by birth, although my infant head was snatched upon the cradle, but I expect to wave over me in death, but I am a Salvationist by conviction of my right, and by the love of him who have given me the task of aiming to finish my soul, let alone my flesh, at being seen in its raiment. But again and again have my pulses throbbed in admiration, when, while others have halted and questioned, we have rushed to the rescue, ready to fight in the cause of helping, blessing and saving.

"All the way along the line our hands have been stretched out helping these exposed sufferers. At Alaiselles, Paris, London, New York, the shining faces of the Salvationists have been the first to greet the sad countenances of these refugees, and, of course, I could not contemplate Canada's being left out in the peculiar blessing which would rest upon India and the countries that are on the front in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, and sharing the sorrows of the oppressed.

"We must help! and help with all our might. It behoves us so to do. They are our brothers and sisters, though estranged by distance and differing in custom and language, and by virtue of their great bond of sympathy, we are bound together and gather round the great human family; they have every right to expect our help, and He, in whose cause they have contend, so many of them sealing the conflict with their blood, expects that every follower in His footsteps to render help; for are not to him—who founded the eternal Rock of Ages—all nations as one? Has

not the crimson blood from His riven side covered the differences of all people? Hence we stand now in spirit, as we stand by-and-by in reality, one with all nations and kindreds before the Throne. All the secret of life will be known, the meaning of life's mysteries will be clearly spoken, all its perplexing problems solved, all virtues crowned, persecutors and oppressors punished—while those who are oppressed and down-trodden for Jesus' sake will be lifted up to walk the plains of golden light, finding the song of Moses and the Lamb. In this all-important hour, the Judge of all the earth will declare upon whose shoulders the heavy guilt of luxury on the part of the Powers that be who should have stayed these appalling calamities will rest, and upon whose hands the stain of the darker dyer's hand human blood will be found."

The Commissioner went on to point out the claims which they had made upon our aid, how deserving they were, and absolutely uncalled for had been the cruel treatment they had received. Some alarming details of the 100,000 widows and 200,000 orphans were given, and the Commissioner brought forward the little Armenian child, who is the only survivor out of a party of eight.

Many of the crowd were moved to emotion, and some, as our leader, encircling the little one with her arm, told some of her sad story.

It was getting late as Miss Booth finished her powerful and passionate appeal, but the crowd had been too interested to make an attempt to go out. She was constantly greeted by a storm of applause, and every sign of appreciation while she told in quivering voice the anguish suffered on their behalf, and



REV. W. F. WILSON, Trinity Methodist Church.  
Who helped pioneer the big collection in the Massey Meeting.

Army had undertaken for this stricken people. In fact, it was

#### Only After Most of the Lights had been Turned off

that the interested crowd could be induced to leave the hall.

The total amount given in gifts and promises reached nearly \$500.

Next morning the meeting was, as our first remark stated, the "talk of the city." The daily press devoted some six columns of its space to long and enthusiastic reports, and in every store and business house the Salvation Army and their Armenian friends were the talk of the hour. The one word upon the lips of all who were there was, "Wonderful!"

The meeting has shown the Salvation Army in a light which no large a crowd in Toronto have never seen before. "I never knew the Salvation Army was like this," said one lady, who was as taken in with the extraordinary merits of the music and atmosphere as the speaker's stirring words. It would be impossible to estimate the thousands who through the direct and indirect influences of that gathering have come into closer touch and wider interest with the Army and its work.

"To very people in the stores seemed to smile upon us," said one Officer, who had been doing some shopping, "and they all seemed to manifest their kindness towards any Salvationists they came in contact with, while all mentioned

#### That Wonderful Meeting."

"You have another meeting, I believe, on the 15th," said one gentleman, the day after.

"No, sir, the meeting was yesterday,

the 14th."

"Oh, I was present at that," was the exclamation, "but surely there's another on the 15th! No? Well, I'm disappointed," as it was explained that there was no other. "You could have filled the Massey over again." And judging by the wonderful crowds, interest and enthusiasm which were seen on the 14th, we believe we could have done so. Anyway, for all the sympathy and widespread success which God gave us, we give him all the glory.

#### A SOLDIER'S SONG

Tunes. Am I a Soldier of the Cross? B. L. 4; Bright Crowns, B. J., 50; Bright for ever more, B. J., 53; Ellas Rhein, B. J., 65.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross—  
A soldier of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

Chorus.  
At the Cross, at the Cross,  
Where I first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled away.  
It was there by faith I received my sight;

And now I am happy all the day.  
Are there no foes for me to face,  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this the world a friend of grace,  
To hold me on to God?

Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toll, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word.



REV. E. S. ROWE, Pastor Crawford St. Methodist Church.

the many tears were the most remarkable answer that could have been given.

During the taking up of the collection, which naturally followed, the little girl singing was fully sustained. The minister came up to the front with their audience, and seconded his efforts in the Immanuel Hall which was given for the refugees as the Salvationists.

"The Mayor proposes that I help the Commissioner," said Rev. Mr. Wilson, coming to the front, and with his general and some helpers helping with the reading of the promises. The Commissioner dubbed him "Captain" on the spot.

Dr. Thomas spoke very warmly of the way in which the Salvation Army had added this noble undertaking to their usual efforts.

The little Armenian girl's song "Jesus loves me" went to the hearts of all who heard it. Said Rev. E. S. Rowe, in speaking afterwards, "Well, if he considered it was worth \$50 alone, that little songstress had been rescued."

Inside His Warship the Mayor, the following were some of those who were present on the platform:

The Rev. Dr. Thomas, Rev. E. S. Rowe, Rev. W. F. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Chambers, Rev. Dr. Sherman, Rev. W. H. Emory, Rev. Dr. Sherrill, Rev. W. J. Barkwell, Rev. Wm. Blackstock, Rev. Robert Wallace, and Messrs. Emerson, Costawell, G. B. Swetland, and S. C. Dugay, Rev. Dr. Withrow, Mr. and Mrs. Cawtha, Rev. Dr. Parker, Mrs. Rutherford, W. C. T. U.

Only a small proportion of the crowd and doxology, numbers thronged round the platform to grasp the hand of the Commissioner, and shake the most prominent Officers, expressing their deep appreciation with the way the Salvation

With the enthusiasm of that glorious meeting in Massey Hall, in aid of the much persecuted Armenians, and Miss Booth's eloquent address, I was much delighted. Yours in the work, W. J. BARKWELL.

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**"Just a Bit of Encouragement."**

Interesting Quotes from Past and Officers on the Special Issue.

It may interest our Comrades and readers to see some of the kind remarks passed upon our recent Christmas issue:

Adjutant D. L. Creighton, Halifax: "The Christmas War Cry went well with us. Highly commented upon and most eagerly sought after. Sold out our 500 all O. K."

Captain S. E. Ottawa, Blenheim: "The Christmas War Cry has been a decided success. I would be glad to offer it to the public. I sold all we took myself without any trouble. It was Commissioneer's experiences that blessed me, and I recommended them to others."

Adjutant G. Miller, Moncton: "The Christmas Cry is a hand. Although we have had some good ones, this leaves them all in the shade. It's a real bonanza."

Ensign Josh Jones, Orillia: "The new Christmas Cry has far exceeded our expectations. I must congratulate you on the get-up of it. It is the best yet. Beats any I have seen. It will sell well. May go on to greater triumphs."

Captain Sims, Sherbrooke: "Christmas Cry is a marvel of cheapness. 'Christmas confab' is just the right thing in the right place. The drawings are beautiful. And especially 'You Little Thing' are beautiful. In fact, it's good all through, and reflects credit on all who helped to get it up, especially the Sam Sorter Co., who cut off all bad manuscripts."

Captain Elliot, Devil's Lake: "Christmas Cry was a dandy and took like hotcakes. No trouble with our twenty-five extra copies. Sergeant Scott sold eighty-eight in a few hours."

Captain Priddimore, Campbellford, Ont.: "Christmas Cry did my soul good. It was a treat. I took twenty-five extra and could have sold twenty-five more. The farmers grabbed it; the townspies bought it, and Soldiers swiped it. Hurrah for Commissioner J. Allen!"

Mrs. Adjutant Phillips, Vancouver: "The people were very much pleased with the Christmas Cry. It sold very readily."

Captain Stanbury, Livingston, Mont.: "I think the Christmas Cry is fine. It will help our work here a great deal."

E. M. Archer, Regular Correspondent, Listowel: "Have read your Christmas number, which is quite good. It is the best I have ever read. The Officers had a great time in the hotels on Saturday. One farmer bought out all they had, and wanted to know if they had some more. Everybody says it is A. 1. Some say it is worth ten cents."

Ensign Attwell, St. Catharines: "It's a first-rate, front-rank production, and worthy a place in every home."

The only place where the Cry did not win some appreciation, so far as we know, was Virden. Here the Regular Correspondent remarks: "Christmas War Cry did not take as good as was expected until only sold about the usual number."

Major McMillan, the Newfoundland Provincial Officer, wrote as follows: "The Christmas Cry is really a beauty. I must say it is the best I have seen issued yet, and the matter is beautiful. Very well got-up indeed. I admire the interview you have in it with the Officers. You may guess what they think of it here when I tell you that the officers sold it out on the streets on Saturday last Sunday at their meetings in No. 1, and talked a little about the Cry. The people bought them as fast as the Sergeant could get them out. Our gentleman I noticed bought three."

Major Gaskin, the General Secretary, wrote thus: "Congratulations! I'll wish that I may be spared another disappointment. I am disappointed to find that there was no money left in the Missions Fund. And judging by the interest and enthusiasm shown on the 15th, we better do so now. Anyway, the Cry is a wide-spread success. We, we give him all

paper world here to that which the "Times" does in England, says: "The Christmas number of the War Cry is a very valuable addition to the literature of the Salvation Army, and those who prepared it. The cover contains a typical Canadian winter scene, and in the centre is a wreath of holly leaves is the face of Miss Eva Booth, Commissioneer of the Army in Canada."

The Montreal "Witness," one of Canada's clearest and best papers, gave a considerable notice to it.

Spokane Daily Chronicle: "Probably the handsomest number of that enterprising paper yet published."

The Kingston "Whig" said: "The Salvation Army is up-to-date in journalism. The Canadian War Cry has issued a number of ample size and well illustrated. The outside pages are illuminated, and many interesting doings of the Army are reproduced in letter-press and illustration, with the enthusiasm of the soldiers."

Orillia Packet: "Doubtedly the best number of that paper yet issued at Toronto."

Grant Falls "Leader," Montana: "A very fine number, both from an artistic and literary point of view. The Salvation Army officials have certainly reason to be proud of their paper."

"Daily Citizen," Ottawa: "Full of varied and interesting matter ... Worth a good deal more than the five cents asked for it."

The Whistler "Free Press," the Lethbridge "Post," and other papers, spoke in similar praiseworthy terms. We ought not to omit to say that the "Christian Guardian," the official organ of the Methodist Church of Canada, said: "Is a splendid production of sixteen large pages enclosed in a bright attractive cover."

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and what is done for God ought to be the very best that we can do, and we cannot but admit that having worked pretty industriously over the special issue, we are very pleased to know that it has been so acceptable. As we have before remarked, it's a joint effort of the Army and the co-operation of many fine Commissioiners, Commanders, to Ed, the printer's boy, and in holding our acknowledgments to one and all, we promise to try and go one better next time.

came forward on New Year's night. After the Council in the afternoon we were sure we were going to have a good time, and we proved it. Our participation in the service for Salvation Army, and then we had a proper Newfoundland dance. It was too good to stop, and so it went on again till 12:15 o'clock.

I heard several Officers remark next morning that they were the best series of meetings they had ever been in in their lives. God the Holy Ghost did us His blessed work in Chatham Saturday and Sunday, fourteen souls were out for cleansing, and nine for salvation. Bon Jour.

**THE SERAPHATICS.**

**Four Months' Campaign Inaugurated—A Rare Old Smash—13 Souls \$25 Collection.**

I have just spent a week-end at Ingold in company with the Seraphite Band. We had a wonderful time. Barracks packed to excess. Over \$25 collection and thirteen souls. To God be the glory! This was the initiation meetings for the Seraphites prior to four months' trip. Wound up between 12 and 1 midnight, all dancing happy.

W. J. Turner.

**Hamilton Social Notes.**

I would like to give the information through the War Cry to my readers that since the opening of the Hamilton Poor Man's Shelter, a good work is being done. About four or five have been professed converts, and are doing good work. The Shelter is doing remarkably, and many are the need. Most every one has some tale of disengagement. We are coming quite in line with the different benevolent societies, and I believe that a prosperous future awaits the work in Hamilton. I know many will be its privileges. We have had little or no trouble with the men so far.

W. Brindley, Captain.

**Sam - Sorter.**

Sergeant-Major Beasley, Burin.—The sad event, which your report, written on December 18th referred to, occurred, according to your despatch, on November 6th, and the report reached us January 5th. The King's business requires haste. What a delay!

Ensign Mackenzie.—Your contribution on the percentage of people who get saved, with diagram, is very acceptable. Of course, we can't produce the diagram in colors as you have suggested, but we appreciate the evidence of thought in what you have sent us, and shall endeavor to bring out the truth in the course of a few issues.

Thus speaks a Correspondent.—Don't be afraid to say what you like to me. I glory in hitting the devil, no matter in whom, or where I find him, and I invite Inspection, Investigation, and dealing with.



God has to make invalids of some men to get them to read their Bibles and think about their souls.

Christ needs your lips as well as your life.

God lets no man perish without a warning cry.

In doing service for God, we must learn to leave with Him the responsibility for results.

**Salvation Army Exhibition**

AT SPOKANE.

**The Army in Miniature.**

Our ever-respectful Comrade, Major Friedrich, the Army's Chief Officer West, has been doing on a small scale in Spokane what the great London Exhibition did last year on a large scale. He has had the Salvation Army in miniature on exhibit, and has undoubtedly been successful in creating much interest in the Army and inspiring the minds of the people the true purposes of the Army. The Press was very favorable to the exhibition, devoting considerable space to descriptions of what took place. The "Spokesman Review" speaks thus:

**THE SALVATION ARMY EXHIBITION.**  
Opened Yesterday for Inspection to the Public.

THE MOST COMBINED EXHIBITION OF WORK ACCOMPLISHED AND CHURCH ORGANIZATION IS THAT NOW BEING PRESENTED BY THE SALVATION ARMY IN THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING. When one takes into consideration that this movement is very young, they must stand in amazement when they see the work that has been accomplished by the Army in every civilized land in the world. The exhibition shows the practical workings of the different branches of the work. They first represent by a huge painting a stormy sea, the water of which is marked with statistics of the various classes of criminals cast ashore, against which beat the waves of the salvation Army, which rescues them from destruction. The next step is the Prison Gate Home. This shows the doors of the State Penitentiary, near which is the Home. It illustrates how the prisoner, when discharged, is taken in charge by the Salvation Army and placed in the Home, from which he can go to look for work. Then comes the social elevation of the Home—here these down-trodden can seek a place to rest and be furnished work and given an opportunity to get along in the world. The next is the Food and Shelter Depot, where men with families suddenly thrown out of work can find employment and when can find shelter. Foods are sold at a cheap price. It is the hope of the Salvation Army to be able to open a home of this kind in Spokane soon. The next is the Sluice Factory, where men who have neither trade or profession are given work picking up rags and refuse and making them into something saleable. The Farm Colony is fully pictured and represented, showing where the men are put to work tilling the soil. Besides these illustrations of the different branches of work taken by the Salvation Army, they also have a few slides of the Spokane Rescue Home, and in another slide a lot of work displayed for sale made by persons who are now making this their home. Then there is the saloon and the drunkard's home before and after conversion.

The work on all the paintings and decorations was done by members of the Army, and is certainly worthy of a visit from everyone in the city. In the rear of one of the rooms tables are arranged in a rustic manner, where dinner is being served.

In an interview Major Friedrich said: "We have sent out fully one hundred sets of life dinners, many of them containing sufficient food for twelve dinner for eight or nine persons, consisting of cooked poultry, meats, vegetables, pie, and where there were children boxes of candy. Besides these meals which we sent out, we have supplied a number of families who brought baskets with food to gladden their Christmas day."

The "Chronicle" speaks thus in its editorial columns:

The Salvation Army's exhibit deserves good patronage. This strange organization has done a great work in the world and is growing even greater. There is no snobbishness in Spokane than in almost any other American city, and the hero work of helping these in the lower walks of life to go in higher seems to be fit entirely to the Army and to a few brave souls who are generally outside of the richest religious societies. It is said what is true that there can be as much pride of soul in the Salvation Army's blue bonnet as under the ornate and rich robes of the fashionable worshipper; let it be added that there is usually better reason for pride in the former case.

IT WILL BE NOTICED that the pleasure of some of the Local Officers who took part in the Commissioner's "At Home" are in civilian attire. In justice to the Comrades who are proper Salvationists, and to those who are not, we ought to explain that the photographs were, in two or three instances, taken before the individuals represented were Salvationists.

## THE WAR CRY.

## CENTRAL CONQUESTS.

## LIPPINCOTT.

Things at Lippincott are improving. Adjutant Scarr has come to lead us forth to victory for God, for a time. Souls are coming to God in ones, and twos. Praise His name!—Yours fighting for God, F. Turner, Secretary.

## CHESLEY.

Watch-Night Service time of blessing and power! Some testified to being saved and kept by the power of God, who last year were serving the enemy of their souls. Our motto for 1887 is "Watch, Pray, Fight, and Trust!" Sunday meetings, times of blessing and power; the Lord came and honored our faith by saving one precious soul. Had a halte-lujah wind-up.—J. M. McFarlane.

## HOLLAND LANDINGS.

There has been much rejoicing in this part of the battlefield over sinners coming to the Lord for pardon. Some proper cases are among the latest captures. Captain Nelle Smith, of Newmarket, and her Local Headquarters Staff, conducted an old-time Sabbath school, when a good number was present. At the close, a young man sought and found salvation. Thirteen were present at the Sunday morning knee-drill. A time of blessing was the result. Sergeant Youngs and Comrades went over to Newmarket for the Holiness, and afterward meetings, where everybody enjoyed their visit, returning home feeling much strengthened for the future war.—J. A. M., R. C.

## FENELON FALLS.

The War rolls on; seven souls forward, four Soldiers and three Juniors during December. Self-denial targets over-reached: Banquet and Jubilee Christmas Day. Welcome of Adjutant Andrew, Lt. Col. Welcome reduced \$7.50, and \$100 added to Officers received. Total \$100. Soldiers enrolled: Wm. H. Miller and McVille Morris. Wessels dedicated to the Lord. Treasurer Lane sold eighteen Christmas War Crys on the street. Secretary Littleton appointed School Trustee for the village. Adjutant Hay's visit a real help to children and youth. During the day Linday visited District Headquarters. Linday for New Year's day a grand musical meeting. They treated us white. Eight more recruits nearly ready for enrolment, besides three children.—Pegawaway.

## INDIANS AND MINISTERS.

A report for the Cry. Our Watch-Night Service was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was grand. We had with us a number of the saved Indians, who charmed the people with their singing. I tell you they are a real Blood and Fire crowd. The whites will have to get a move on if they want to keep up with them. We had also with us the Presbyterian ministers, who gave an interesting address. They may say they are in sympathy with the Army, and their doors were open to us—Lieutenant Dates for Captain Clark, Little Current.

## BURNED HIS TOBACCO, THEN GOT SAVED.

NEWARK—Our meetings are largely attended, especially on Sunday, when the Christians of other denominations join in and assist us. Many conversions join in and assist us. The Lord is with us. Captain Smith and Soldier Secretary also Captain Gibbs and his tenant Collins, of Moose Jaw. A musical meeting was held on Christmas night. On Saturday one soul, Sunday all day times of blessing. Watch-Night Service the devil raged, but God was for us, ending the old year with two out for Sanctification. Crowds good Sunday night, all too small.—G. S. G., R. C.

## HIGH JINKS AT JIMKTON.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Another blizzard is on, but while it is storming outside, God has spoken "Peace be still" to the storms raging in many souls.

Thursday night, the last of the old year, four young men volunteered for Jesus. They got blessedly saved, and are in a fair way to become blood and fire Soldiers.

Quite a crowd remained for the Watch-Night Services, many of whom had never attended one before. God blessed us mightily, and saved many. Those who are becoming the New Year right! Although it was storming hard. Sunday—happy day—found thirty Soldiers out to knee-drill, and five seekers at the penitent-form in the Holiness meeting. The afternoon found us in good fighting trim, and God honored our efforts by saving three sisters, who volunteered to go to the front.

On January 1st it will be three months since we arrived here, and to the glory of God we can report that not one week has elapsed without one or more seeking souls being forward at Jesus' feet. Some, not getting at first what they felt they needed, have come back, however, and the Devil has not been able to shake them off again. Soldiers have received blessing, and a few have got the blessing of a clean heart. Jun-

## BRACEBRIDGE.

A story is told of Paddy, who having sustained a severe accident, asked his attendants to write home that though "not dead, he was entirely speechless."

I believe an enquiry has been made as to whether we are dead in Bracebridge. No! but we confess that as far as reporting for the Cry is concerned, we've been.

On January 1st it will be three months since we arrived here, and to the glory of

we are getting saved, too. (See Young Soldier.) I could not find room for the Twelfth Hussars on New Year's Eve, and we hope to have two more applications in shortly. New Year's Watch-Night Service saw two souls seeking cleansing. New Year's night saw a great prodigal come home. Five enrolled, and three Junior Soldier Sergeants commissioned. Adjutant and Mrs. Bradley,

## LISGAR STREET, Toronto.

The power of God was most wonderfully manifested all day. Three precious souls in the afternoon. Two sisters came out together, and a little boy who met the bandmaster on the street, and told him he was going to get saved. He did get saved, too. God bless the Juniors!—Frances, Mrs. G. Little girl said she didn't want to go to the place of fire, but would be a good girl on earth then go to Heaven when she died. Our Holiness meetings have been a blessing to many all last week. If the times are hard, God will not forget His own children.—S. McFarlane.

## ORILLIA.

Since last heard from we have had an election meeting for the Upper House. The whosoever had the victory. During the past week several have been called from the drama of life and have gone the way of all flesh. We had the joy of visiting a dear old lady who has been confined to her bed for the past eleven years. She was happy in the Lord. Being deprived of her speech all she could say was "Wicked world." Brother Dunlop, one of our soldiers who keeps a barber shop, was burned out. The fire nearly every man's work. We all pray for you. Sisters McClellan and Dyer are having good success in selling War Crys in the hotel. They were on singing in the bar-rooms. The knee-drills are improving. Five backsoldiers came home. Silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour. Listen! Hear the bells of Heaven! What a sight! Angels rejoice!—William Lewis, the Irish Captain.

## CAFT. LEVYS KINTOGRAPHE.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Since last we heard from you we have had a second visit from Captain Leyh and the Kintograph. A good crowd turned up to listen to the music and songs rendered by this wonder of the nineteenth century. The meetings during Christmas and New Year weeks were good. Five souls sold salvation.

War Crys sold well. Backsoldiers were interested in telling us we were nine months or more on the sea. We pray that God will bring him while on board the sealing schooner and bring him home safely.—A. E. R.

## MILES CITY.

Thank God the close of 1886 found us on pleading terms with God. We had a

Watch-Night Service, when God came very near us when we desired him. We

had God come to hearts that were at

the muster. We started the New Year

with new vigor to go forward and do all

we could to get men and women saved.

The Methodist friends are in for a re-

vival here. We hope and pray that hearts

will be awakened up and souls won for

the Master.—M. A. W. and C. H.

## BLANKET FEVER RAGING.

SUMMERSIDE—We had special meetings on Christmas and New Year's. The Watch-Night Service was one of blessing, a time when the Comrades consecrated themselves afresh to the Master's service.

Sorry to say the blanket fever has been raging, especially on Sunday morning.

This ought not so to be; but we are believing for better things in the future.

Amen—Matthew Gamble.

(Congratulations, John and Mrs. Sam Sorier.)

## THE DEVIL RAGED.

REGINA, ASSA.—Christmas tide in Regina was a time of blessing to all who frequented the Salvation Army. We had with us Captain Gibbons and Soldier Secretary, also Captain Gibbs and his tenant Collins, of Moose Jaw. A musical meeting was held on Christmas night.

On Saturday one soul, Sunday all day times of blessing. Watch-Night Service the devil raged, but God was for us, ending the old year with two out for Sanctification. Crowds good Sunday night, all too small.—G. S. G., R. C.

## ENGLISH PUKE ON DECK.

HALIFAX I.—We had English Puke with us for Sunday meetings, he having just arrived from England. Grand time

at night; deep conviction; five souls at

the Cross, (one a Junior) for Salvation.

The Angels not only repented, but we rejoiced also. Hallelujah!

Secretary Caslin.

## A MINE ON FIRE.

SPRING HILL MINES.—One of the

mineral slopes has been on fire for two

weeks, causing four hundred men to be

idle, making a drawback to our work.

Friend Dr. God is good.

English Puke with his Sunday Service, "Narrow Escape," Captain Weston

has been resting with us for a few days.

Adjutant Mathews goes to Moncton for

St. John, thence to Chatham. One

soul saved at the Quarters this week.

We shall conquer.—Captain Hindy.

## HOTEL FOOLS SING.

LUNENBURG—We were determined

to do all we could for Jesus on Christ-

mas Day. We are not very strong here

but off we marched in the afternoon to

hold an open-air meeting. The men opened

the hotel window and joined in our chorale, "This world is not my home."

Many passing by stood and listened. We

had a collection of twelve dollars. The meet-

ing filled two out of the hotel, but we

held since we came. A brother who was

missing when we held the open-air thought he would come in the barracks,

Captain Kemp is farewelling, and Lieutenant Baxter has been promoted to a Captain. God bless them both.—Yours to win Jamestown for God and the Army, J. M. Dearborn, Reg. Cor.

## FROM —

## THE FAR PACIFIC.

## LEWISTON, Idaho.

This old year died out in Lewiston with victory on every hand. Great singing battles, one hour without a break, after which good time with coffee and cake. In the midst of which conviction takes hold of one door fellow, who falls at the Mercy Seat and gets gloriously saved, making seven souls for last week in our service. Hallelujah! We'll sing on into next year. Holiness meeting, one sinner professing salvation; 8 p.m., two backsoldiers at the Form; one got there, but the other did not enter God's Valley of Decision. Pray for him.—Kenneth Ferguson.

and held up his hand for prayer. Another man was seen weeping. Both since have been saved. Praise God! We got money for 62 War Crys in two hotels Saturday night.—Captain G. Allan, Lieutenant M. Winchester.

## JIM MILLER, D.D.

SYDNEY, C. B.—On Christmas Day, we said good-bye to Captain Clarke. Lieutenant Morris has announced her farewell. We will be sorry to part with the little girl, but pray that the Divine Hand will guide Headquarters, and say, "Thy will be done."

The Sydney Corps gives Brother Howard Bonham a soldier's welcome home. He says, "I thank God for the peace, joy and happiness which He gives me."

The last Sunday of 1886, one Backsoldier obeyed the injunction to return. The first Sunday of 1887, "Happy Jim" Miller, D. D. (Devil Driver) was with us all day, and the meetings were a success, a highlight in the way Jim handled the riddles and lash was a caution. Result—Holiness meeting, one sinner professing salvation; 8 p.m., two backsoldiers at the Form; one got there, but the other did not enter God's Valley of Decision. Pray for him.—Kenneth Ferguson.

William J. Bundy, Mrs. Dennis, Westley, Mrs. Hattie, Younghusband, Wahpeton, been here. Agents for Brother David say he has in good hands. Is writing for our best sheet.

—Peter Ferguson is certainly Emslie's eye. McKay and Stierlawn have written going at the A. G. A. have been Provincial typewriters, last quarter, and J. S. Holt, of New Cobson, is the Light Brigade Colquhoun, while I hold box-holders, boxes. It is Brother Felt, Chariot, of the Light Brigade, he is also a G. E. Engle, Garrison, B. C.—H. C. Correll, II., \$4.70. Harry Moore is there opening.

The figures for December 25th, and we are to rise in cash, and ready progress.

—Garrison found his first work, of course, is with him to accomplish great things. We say to the bell, of the he will have the over-work done, commanded it. The bell has rung some fine results. They are out!

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—Peter Ferguson is bright, And it dazzles his eyes; He is a terrible coward, Considering his size.

T. Ford, S. C.

BLENNHEIM BOOMERS.

No Officers for two weeks, but the dear Comrades have held the fort and rolled the old chariot along. Good crowds yesterday. The night meeting was ably handled by Sister Mrs. Rumble (Lieutenant here several years ago). Her little boy, Stanley, aged seven, sells ten War Crys weekly to regular customers. Dolly Pussey, a new convert, aged fourteen, sold twenty-four this week, thirty-three in all, so the work goes on. To God be all the praise.—Commando Ima Groom.

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hand for prayer. Another sleeping. Both since have use God! We got money in two hotels Saturday G. Allan, Lieutenant N.

**MILLER, D.D.**  
3.—On Christmas Day, we Captain Clarke.  
Arris has announced her will soon to part with the Divine Headquarters, and say, inc."

Our gives Brother How-Soldiers' welcome home, think God for the peace, joy which He gives Me." Day of 1896, one Buckskirler was a caution. Resulting, one sinner professing 6 p.m., two buckskirlers at got there, but the other God's Valley of Desolation. Kenneth Ferguson.

## Nest Ontario.

in the swim. Four souls; revival! God is with us in all!—Captain Ottawa and

**NORWICH.**  
We were favored with John Andrews, with his sons. Friday night we were at Dowell and our Disraeli Green, assisted by Dr. giving us a real blood bath meeting. Since last we had two new converts, last night we finished with a visit to God to save him. We are in for victory. Respondent H. P. Allman.

### A HUSTLER.

Things are on the up-coming victory through the meetings Sunday all day. As a hustler, and when she mentioned determination it went by saint and sinner, easier to the old devil, but we can.

It is bright, dazzling his eyes: terrible coward, in his size.

T. Ford, S.C.

### HEIM BOOMERS.

For two weeks, but the dear Lord held the fort, and we were again meeting was ably handled by Mrs. Rumble (Lieutenant Years ago). The little boy, seven, sells ten War Cry to customers. Daily Pass-converter, aged fourteen, sold the first time. War Cry is week, ninety-three in all, do. To God be all the do Ina Groom.

## ONTARIO.

**TRENTON.**  
Under charge here. Good night, now Sunday one crowd stayed until four others requested our W. Conte, Captain.

**EPERDOZO.**  
d for the precious souls he joined entreated a number Sunday afternoon. We welcome to our Corps. God bless real proper blood and bone the precious soul Sunday evening.

**ANANOQUE.**  
we are still able to claim the Blood of Jesus, report God has wonderfully helped us. The Comrades vowed, at the beginning of the month, the present mountain for salvation. Glory J. T. Funnell for Captain

**PORT HOPE.**

On the war-path here, I sit in and the devil. Praised a good day yesterday the evening we had a grand crowd. Ensign enrolled five they ever keep true to you.—A. Brown, Reg. Cor.

## THE ADVANCE of the EIGHT BRIGADE

By MAJOR J. READ.

Campbellton, N. B., did gloriously well for the quarter ending December 25th, '96, raking no less than \$135. Well done, Campbellton Agent, Miss J. Smith, and God bless the renowned Smith family.

### The News in Brief.

William Palmer, Fred Palmer, Mrs. Bundy, Mrs. Jarvis, all of London; Emma Dennis, Sister Urro, of Guelph; Bro. Westcott, Mrs. McLean, Ottawa; Hattie Young, Brantford; Mrs. D. O. Gill, Waipeton; all these persons have been recently duly appointed as Local Agents for this God-honored scheme. Brother Drayman, of St. Kilda, writes to say he has twelve additional boxes out in good hands—Geo. Parker, of Sudbury, is writing—H. H. H. is doing his best—Daley Bond, of Wingham, is doing the best she can to help the work along—Ensign Perry's special Lantern Poster is certainly a good hit. Thank God the Ensign's eyes are much better—David McKay and Mrs. Kennedy, the Agents for St. Catharines and York, respectively, have written nice letters. These men are going at their work with a will—the P.A.'s have been supplied with bran new Provincial Rolls—Captain Sims uses a typewriter. Montreal's total is \$10 over last quarter's. An Agent for the Band and S. S. Saville, of St. John, N.B., has more boxes sent to L. A. V. Ross—S. F. Holt, of New Westminster, B. C., is getting out more boxes—Archie Bowens, of Cobocoan, is believing for better times in the future.—"I am much interested in the Light Brigade advances," writes Lizzie Colthorpe of Clark's Harbor. "I only wish we had more time to spend with the box-holders, and in getting out other boxes. It is a good work," so writes Brother Felix, of Quebec.—Miss Ellis, of Charlottetown, collected \$18 herself out of the quarter's total of \$25—Little Charlie Graham had 78c in his box. He is unusually good—He is a boy of 14 years of age, is also a G. B. M. Boomer, so potential.

Ensign Horr has started the work in Napano, B. C.—Montreal I. got \$10.47; Montreal II., \$4.70; Rescue Home, \$7; French Corps, \$4.40 last quarter. Good!—Spring Hill Miners has just got \$7.64 at its quarterly opening, and Pugwash \$3.96.

The results of the sales during December 25th, '96, have just been made up, and we are extremely happy to report a rise in cash. Local Agents, boxes in use, and in many other ways, the revenue is really progressing.

Captain Andrews will, ere this, have found his place in the W. O. P. The work, of course, is now to him, but God is with him to help him, and he will accomplish great things. Then what shall we say to cheer the heart of Ensign Scobell, of the C. O. P. In all probability he will have additional responsibility in the coming year. The work is great, which we do, and Adjutant Monton, who commanded in the past, Yes, Ensign Scobell has vast privileges. We hope soon to give some figures regarding last quarter's results. They will be eye-openers. Look out!

### A HOLINESS SONG.

Tune.—Stella, H. J., 25.

Dear Saviour, now I come to Thee, My heart to wash, and cleanse and fill; Thy full salvation let me see, Just now Thy Word in me fulfill. Now let Thy Spirit brightly shine, Till all my woes are lost in Thine.

My all I now surrender, Lord, Renouncing every selfish aim, Renouncing all without reserve, To spread the interests of Thy name. Henceforth I want Thy power within To help me precious souls to win.

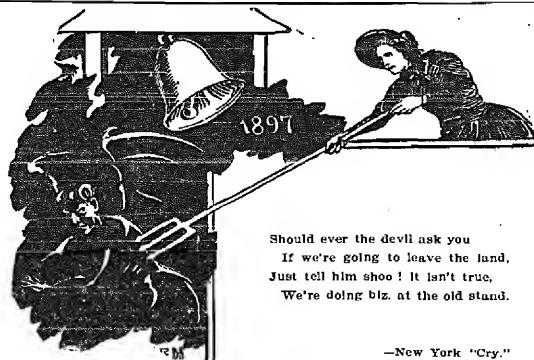
Thy service, Lord, I'll never give o'er, However hard the work may be; Thou art my choice for warfare, The only Treasure I can see. Thy path I'll tread without a fear, And gladly in Thy service share.

**CAPTAIN JAS. JANES,**  
Herring Rock, Nfld.

### What a Newspaper Says About Him.

The Galt "Reformer" says the following about Adjutant Dowell, of Brantford, who visited Galt a short time ago:

The Adjutant is a welcome visitor to the town. He is always interesting and entertaining. He is a man of the world, so well attended on when he is present. He tells the people of this city, points out the way by which they can obtain pardon and redemption, and his labors are not without results.



Should ever the devil ask you  
If we're going to leave the land,  
Just tell him shoo! It isn't true,  
We're doing biz. at the old stand.

—New York "Cry."

## Heaven Bless All Boomers!

### SOME SELLERS GET LEFT.

20 Must be Sold to Get on the Official List—Names of Saloon Visitors Wanted—A Star for These—Capt. Zephariah Champion—Captain Molony—Comer Next.

CAPT. ZIEBARTH, BUTTE,..... 26  
CAPTAIN MCINTYRE, HALIFAX I, 281  
ENS. G. MCNAUL, GALT..... 150  
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2)..... 140  
Sergt. Collins, St. John V..... 125  
Capt. Moulton, London..... 125  
Lieut. Moulton, London..... 125  
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2)..... 110  
Capt. French, Ottawa..... 110  
Capt. F. Day, St. Stephen (av. 5)..... 108  
Capt. Johnson, Bermuda (av. 2)..... 107  
Alice Henderson, Ottawa..... 105  
Mrs. Mellick, Toronto I..... 100  
Capt. Moffat, VANCOUVER, B. C. .... 100  
Capt. D. Hinde, Spring Hill..... 83  
Sergt. Phillips, LEWISTON, 14  
Adjt. De Brisay, Bermuda (av. 2)..... 72  
Sergt. Law, Galt..... 72  
LIEUT. MILLER, ST. JOHN V..... 66  
GEO. DE WOLFE, ST. JOHN V..... 66  
Lieut. Clark, Spring Hill..... 65  
Capt. Stalzer, Nanaimo..... 62  
Otto Younger, Great Falls..... 61  
Mrs. Shuster, Butte..... 60  
Kenneth Dunscombe, Bermuda..... 57  
ALICE LAWRENCE, NEWCASTLE..... 57  
Sister Crook, Stratford..... 55  
Sister Bateman, Stratford..... 55  
Ensign Wall, Miles City..... 55  
Jennie Bissell, Cornwall..... 53  
Capt. Ottawa, Essex (av. 2)..... 52  
Lieut. Peacock, Stratford..... 52  
Capt. Coote, Trenton..... 52  
Sister Bissell, London..... 50  
Auntie No. 1, New Glasgow..... 50  
Sister Mrs. Tossel, Vancouver..... 50  
SERGT. CURNEW, NEW GLASGOW..... 47  
Sergt. Julie Bradner, Fargo..... 46  
Adjt. Mrs. Creighton, Halifax I..... 44  
Eva Cleinsmith, Bishop, N.B. .... 41  
Capt. C. W. Kinkaid, Lawson..... 41  
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow..... 40  
Lucy F. —, Brockbridge..... 40  
Lieut. Selig, Lunenburg..... 40  
James Moore, Halifax I..... 40  
Bro. Judge, Bermuda..... 40  
Laura Barker, Galt..... 38  
SERGT. CURNEW, NEWCASTLE..... 38  
Lieut. Hogan, Miles City..... 35  
Sis. L. Van Pelt, Fargo..... 35  
Lieut. Keeney, Great Falls..... 35  
Lieut. M. Winchester, Lunenburg..... 35  
Sister Mortimer, Victoria..... 35  
Laura Palmer, Bermuda..... 34  
Lieut. Cox, Esq., Galt..... 34  
Sister Mrs. Curnew, Stratford..... 33  
Maud Runale, Butte..... 30  
Bro. Kornell, Butte..... 30  
Almina Smith, Bermuda..... 30  
Suole Anderson, Spring Hill..... 29  
CAPT. PENNYY, ST. JOHN V..... 29  
Capt. Mrs. Ovalle, Brantford..... 28  
Sgt. George, New Glasgow..... 27  
Sister M. Fentie, Great Falls..... 25  
Bro. Munro, Cornwall..... 25  
Bro. Douglass, Cornwall..... 25  
Capt. Mrs. Clark, Drayton (av. 2)..... 25  
Fred G. Allan, Lunenburg..... 25  
Sergt. Connell, Halifax I..... 25  
Lieut. Davis, Nanaimo..... 25  
Capt. J. Bowring, Tweed..... 24  
Beatrice Smith, Bermuda..... 24  
Bro. Pickering, Bermuda..... 24  
Mrs. Gregory, St. Stephen (av. 5)..... 23

Bro. Sloddart, Vancouver..... 23  
Dollo Passmore, Blenheim..... 21  
Treas. Garrett, Tweed..... 20  
—  
**NOTES.**  
Let every Boomer fully understand that when two or three of four weeks' records come together, we shall always average them. Thus the mark (av. 2) will show that we have received two weeks' sales for that person and divided them by 2, giving the average. This is certainly fair. But Officers should be careful to send names every week, and don't delay. Then the week's sales will show alright.

Far better, then, the records send once a week and week by week; More satisfactory in the end. Or things get mixed like Greek.

Let this, then, be definite, or Pry will surely catch him head. One Officer has actually sent five weeks' sales. Of course we divided them by 5. See above list.

It is our intention in the future to keep this column a little more sacred, and Boomers will consequently have to work harder and hustle more.

THHEREFORE BE IT ENACTED that from and after ONLY the names of those who sell 20 and upwards will appear in the Competition List proper. All the others will come at the foot of these Notes. Every chance will be given such to rise out of the mire.

Enough feet be sore with selling "Crys."

You cannot gnaw the List.

Unless you twenty papers sell : now This will be the test.

Really, Captain Zephariah, of Butte, means business, and look! ye Boomers, but Captain McIntyre is not far behind, and I'm mighty glad if they can't put a race here, and a good one, too!

Another star has appeared in the Boomer horizon. It is no less a personage than Ensign Grace McKenzie, of Galt. She has entered the lists at 15. Now look out! But, if you know of Victoria, will keep a sharp lookout and Sergeant Col- lins of St. John V. is not far off. Now things will get exciting indeed!

Captain Moulton and Lieutenant Mumford, of London, are really doing good work; so is Mrs. Moore, of Victoria, os

also Captain French, of Ottawa. Then what shall we say about Bermuda? Ensign Des Brisay and her aides are doing nobly. Alice Henderson, of Ottawa, does thorough work. If the person who records Victoria's Boomers will write the name of the Lieutenant, it will be bet-

Well done, Sergeant Phillips, of Lewis- ton! 76 is not bad! Connot Lieutenant Miller and George de Wolf have a fight for first place? Alice Langoll, of Na- naimo deserves credit selling 67.

Sister Love, of Sonthorful, Thrity-eight she sold; With foith and works she'll make us stare, She's getting very bold.

Two Cornwall Comrades are on a level. This is exciting! Comrades B. Smith and Brother Pickering are neck and neck.

### Now Something New!

What about the Boomers who sell "Crys" in the saloons and hotels? Well, we shall give them a star (\*) as a mark of honor. Will all Boomers send the Editor the names of those who push "Cry" sales in saloons? This will create interest.

"Pry" will also be very glad to hold of of the good residents in connection with Boomers. Just send it on a post-card, and it shall be used in the column. It will all help the sale.

Here is a note from Bermuda:—Bermuda cannot and will not be the light.

Frederick B. is the Champion of the Hamilton Corps, and probably did he work well during the Boom, but praise the Lord, he keeps it up; that is the beauty of our Boomers. Captain Johnson is a good Boomer; don't you think? She keeps very near, 12 not at the top of the list. How small and small though our numbers are, and small though yet, we carry a good few fighters of the War Cry.

Here is a list of those who failed to sell 20 and consequently did not get into the official list:

Mother Gutting, Essex, 16; Bro. Leo, Halifax I, 15; Sergt. Arnold, Halifax I, 10; Sister Murray, Halifax I, 14; Sergt. Norfolk, London, 15; Ensign Kerr, Ottawa, 10; Sister Miller, Cornwall, 10; Mrs. Little, Victoria, 5; Sergt. Philipper, Vancouver, 17; Mrs. Dunnmore, Victoria, 6; Alice McLean, Stratford, 12; Captain Barker, Stratford, 10; Brother D. Reid, Seaford, 7; Sister Erskine, Victoria, 10; Ruth Palmer, Blenheim, 12; Stanley Rumble, Blenheim, 10; Father Hind, Bracebridge, 10; Mrs. D. —, Bracebridge, 10; Jessie Spencer, Bracebridge, 7; Sister Smith, London, 10.

Amen! Amen! We sing and shout, Boomers are booming and flying about; the devil they're after and mean him to rout.

By selling the dear old "Cry."

I am, Yours obediently,

"PRY."

**Sorry to Hear That**  
Peterboro has dropped 40 "Crys." Cornwall has dropped 39 "Crys." Belleville has dropped 39 "Crys."

**BARNETT, VERMONT.** a new opening, opened a new 100 "Crys."

Look out for Provincial, District and Corps Competition soon. It will be exciting, and no mistake.



Olo Gent, to Boomer: "Yes, young lady, that Christmas War Cry was grand; you can bring me a War Cry every week."

